THE BEST OF BRITISH COMICS—IT'S

TERRIFIC

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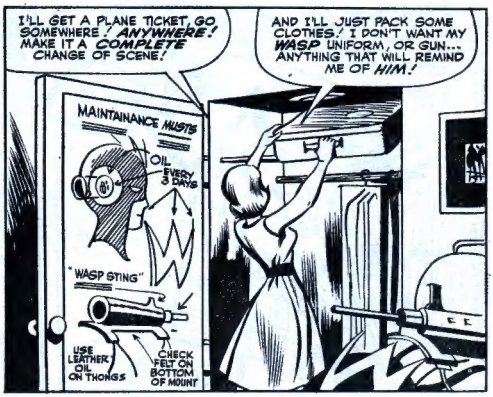
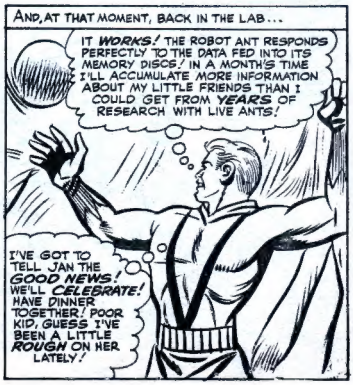
HE'S NEVER SPOKEN TO ME THAT WAY BEFORE! AS THOUGH I...I MEAN NOTHING TO HIM!! HOW COULD HE... WHEN I LOVE HIM SO?
MAYBE I CAN DO WITHOUT THE TUBE...
I'LL JUST BYPASS THE CIRCUIT, STEP UP THE VOLTAGE AND...LET'S SEE...

MOMENTS LATER, IN THE PRIVACY OF HER ROOM, JAN PROVES THAT A GIRL IS A GIRL, EVEN IN AN ADVENTURESS' UNIFORM!
I KNOW I'M ACTING FOOLISH, BUT I CAN'T HELP LOVING THE GUY!... DESPITE THE WAY HE TREATS ME!
BUT WHAT'S THE POINT IN WASTING MY TIME? HE'LL NEVER RETURN MY LOVE!
I'VE GOT TO LEAVE...FIND TIME TO THINK THIS OUT!

I KNOW HE'S OVER-WORKED, STRAINED TO THE SNAPPING POINT, BUT I CAN'T GO ON THIS WAY! I'VE GOT TO MAKE A CLEAN BREAK!
I'LL FORCE MYSELF TO PUT HIM OUT OF MY MIND... AND OUT OF MY HEART! I'LL TRY CONVINCING MYSELF I DON'T LOVE HIM!


I'LL GET A PLANE TICKET, GO SOMEWHERE! ANYWHERE! MAKE IT A COMPLETE CHANGE OF SCENE!
AND I'LL JUST PACK SOME CLOTHES! I DON'T WANT MY WASP UNIFORM, OR GUN... ANYTHING THAT WILL REMIND ME OF HIM!
MAINTAINANCE HINTS
OIL EVERY 3 DAYS
"WASP STING"
USE LEATHER OIL ON THONGS
CHECK FELT ON BOTTOM OF MOUNT

SHORTLY AFTERWARDS, AS THE ENGINES OF A HUGE JET PIERCE THE SILENCE OF NIGHT, A HEART-BROKEN JAN BOARDS THE AIRCRAFT ALONG WITH THE OTHER PASSENGERS...
I HOPE IT ISN'T AN OMEN, BUT I'VE GOT A FEELING THAT SOMETHING AWFUL IS ABOUT TO HAPPEN!


AND, AT THAT MOMENT, BACK IN THE LAB...
IT WORKS! THE ROBOT ANT RESPONDS PERFECTLY TO THE DATA FED INTO ITS MEMORY DISCS! IN A MONTH'S TIME I'LL ACCUMULATE MORE INFORMATION ABOUT MY LITTLE FRIENDS THAN I COULD GET FROM YEARS OF RESEARCH WITH LIVE ANTS!
I'VE GOT TO TELL JAN THE GOOD NEWS! WE'LL CELEBRATE! HAVE DINNER TOGETHER! POOR KID, GUESS I'VE BEEN A LITTLE ROUGH ON HER LATELY!

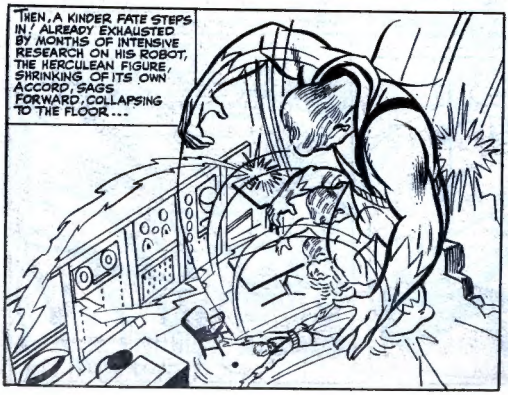
BUT, WHEN JAN FAILS TO ANSWER, AND GIANT-MAN'S SEARCH PROVES FRUITLESS...
SHE ISN'T IN THE GYM, THE LAB, OR ANYWHERE ELSE! BUT SHE WOULDN'T LEAVE WITHOUT...? WAIT! THERE'S A NOTE ON THE DESK!
To Hank

QUICKLY, GIANT-MAN SCANS THE PAPER, SCARCELY BELIEVING WHAT HE READS...
...AND SO, RATHER THAN COMPLICATE YOUR LIFE ANY FURTHER, I THINK A CLEAN BREAK WOULD SOLVE EVERYTHING!

SHE'S GONE! AND I'M TO BLAME! I'VE DRIVEN HER AWAY! THE ONE AND ONLY PRECIOUS THING I HOLD DEAR IN LIFE!

BLANKED OUT BY THE SOUL-SHOCKING NEWS, GIANT-MAN'S BODY, IN AN INVOLUNTARY ACTION, BREAKS LOOSE IN WILD, RUN-AWAY GROWTH... SHATTERING DOORS AND WALLS BEFORE IT...

SMASHING THROUGH INTO THE ADJOINING LAB, THE MASSIVE BODY IS ENSNARED IN A SKEIN OF HIGH VOLTAGE LINES, AND STAGGERED REPEATEDLY BY THE SEARING CURRENT...


THEN, A KINDER FATE STEPS IN! ALREADY EXHAUSTED BY MONTHS OF INTENSIVE RESEARCH ON HIS ROBOT, THE HERCULEAN FIGURE, SHRINKING OF ITS OWN ACCORD, SAGS FORWARD, COLLAPSING TO THE FLOOR...

MEANWHILE, AS JAN'S PLANE WINGS SOUTHWARD OFF COASTAL WATERS, THE PASSENGERS ARE SHOCKED BY TWO STRANGE SIGHTS...
LOOK, TIM! UP AHEAD! ISN'T THAT A FOUNTAIN OF BUBBLES COMING RIGHT OUT OF THE SEA!?
AND THAT ISLAND BELOW! I'VE MADE THIS FLIGHT DOZENS OF TIMES, BUT NEVER SAW IT BEFORE!

BUT, AS THE PLANE APPROACHES THE STRANGE, BUBBLING ERUPTION, ITS PASSAGE DOES NOT GO UNNOTICED! UNSEEN, BUT LURKING JUST BELOW THE MURKY SURFACE, A MONSTROUS UNDERSEA SHIP THAT ACTUALLY *SUPPORTS* THE ARTIFICIAL ISLAND, NOW GIRDS FOR *ACTION*...

AND, OF ALL THE PASSENGERS ON THE SPEEDING JET, ONLY ONE HEART-SICK GIRL IS SO WRAPPED IN HER OWN THOUGHTS, THAT SHE IS COMPLETELY UNAWARE OF THE STRANGE EVENTS TRANSPIRING BELOW!

A WINGED CRAFT OF SOME SORT APPEARS ON OUR AQUA-SCOPE SCREEN! WOULD THAT SUIT YOUR PURPOSE, MY *LORD*?

TO *PERFECTION*! ACCELERATE THE *APOXY* GENERATORS TO FULL-INTAKE *STRENGTH*!

AS THE ORDER RINGS OUT, THE BUBBLY MIXTURE ERUPTING FROM THE SHIP'S GIANT STACK BECOMES DENSER, THICKER, AND MORE *MENACING*...

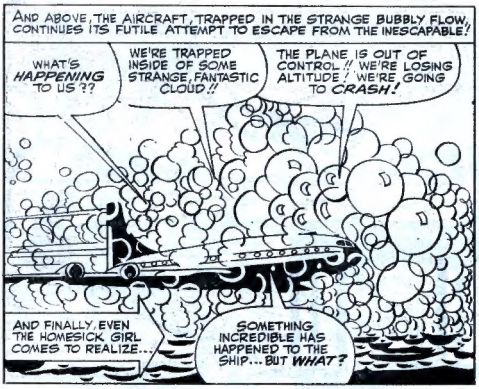
SECONDS LATER... *LOOK*! THE WINGED CRAFT IS BEING DRAWN INTO THE GENERATOR'S FLOW! ITS PUNY EFFORT TO RESIST IS *USELESS*!

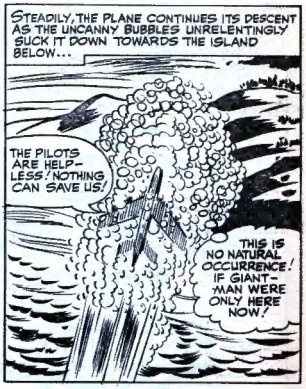
THE MOMENT IS AT HAND! NOW I, THE CONQUERING *ATTUMA*, RULER OF THE MURKY DEPTHS, SHALL ACHIEVE MY CHERISHED GOAL! THE FIRST STEP IN MY CONQUEST OF THE WORLD'S SURFACE CREATURES, HAS BEGUN!

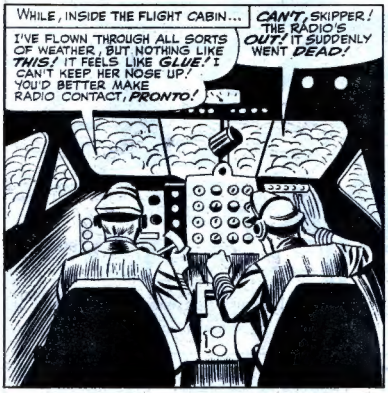
OUR MIGHTY WAR LORD THRIVES ON CONQUEST! SINCE HIS DEFEAT AT THE HANDS OF SUB-MARINER* HE MUST HAVE A VICTORY TO REDEEM HIS *HONOUR*!

IT IS FORTUNATE HE LEARNED OF A SURFACE WORLD WE CAN ATTACK!

* SEE TERRIFIC 22.


AND ABOVE, THE AIRCRAFT, TRAPPED IN THE STRANGE BUBBLY FLOW, CONTINUES ITS FUTILE ATTEMPT TO ESCAPE FROM THE INESCAPABLE!
WHAT'S HAPPENING TO US ??
WE'RE TRAPPED INSIDE OF SOME STRANGE, FANTASTIC CLOUD!!
THE PLANE IS OUT OF CONTROL!! WE'RE LOSING ALTITUDE! WE'RE GOING TO CRASH!
AND FINALLY, EVEN THE HOMESICK GIRL COMES TO REALIZE...
SOMETHING INCREDIBLE HAS HAPPENED TO THE SHIP... BUT WHAT?


STEADILY, THE PLANE CONTINUES ITS DESCENT AS THE UNCANNY BUBBLES UNRELENTINGLY SUCK IT DOWN TOWARDS THE ISLAND BELOW...
THE PILOTS ARE HELPLESS! NOTHING CAN SAVE US!
THIS IS NO NATURAL OCCURRENCE! IF GIANT-MAN WERE ONLY HERE NOW!

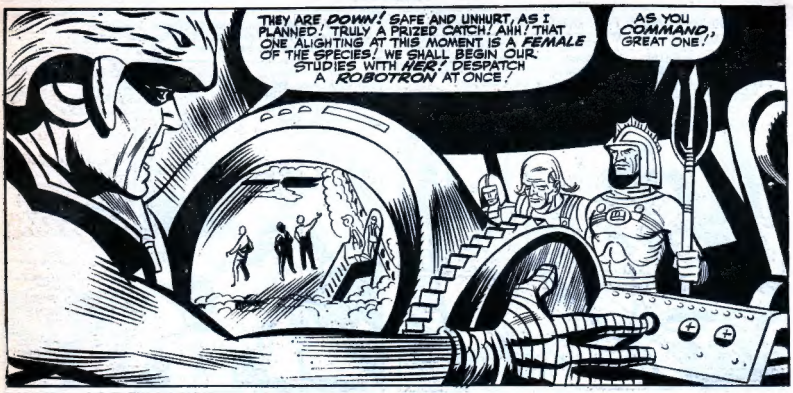

WHILE, INSIDE THE FLIGHT CABIN...
I'VE FLOWN THROUGH ALL SORTS OF WEATHER, BUT NOTHING LIKE THIS! IT FEELS LIKE GLUE! I CAN'T KEEP HER NOSE UP! YOU'D BETTER MAKE RADIO CONTACT, PRONTO!
CAN'T, SKIPPER! THE RADIO'S OUT! IT SUDDENLY WENT DEAD!

AND INSIDE THE UNDERSEA SHIP, THE MYSTERIOUS ATTUMA, RULER OF THE MURKY DEPTHS, BELLOWS HIS COMMANDS...
LET THE APOXY GENERATORS OPERATE AT PEAK POWER! MAKE READY ALL LANDING STATIONS! FROM THIS POINT ON, I WILL HANDLE ALL CONTROLS!
AT ONCE, SIRE!

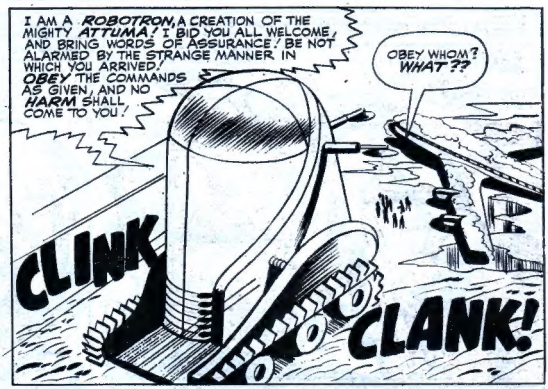
THE APOXY MIST IS STRONGER THAN THE TOUGHEST STEEL, MORE POWERFUL THAN THE GREATEST MAGNETIC FIELD! THE WINGED CRAFT CANNOT ESCAPE!

SOON, I WILL HAVE THE SPECIMENS I NEED... A GROUP OF SURFACE CREATURES THAT I CAN STUDY! ONCE I KNOW THEIR WEAKNESSES AND STRENGTHS, THE CONQUEST OF THEIR SPECIES WILL FOLLOW EASILY!

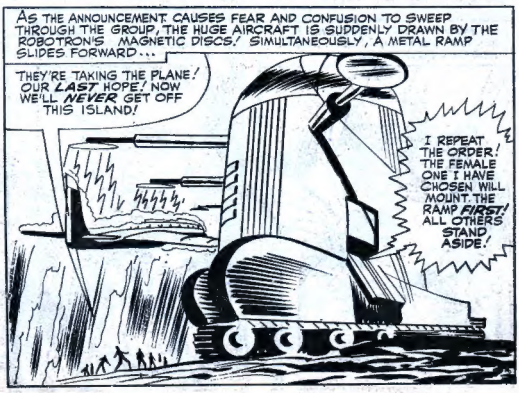
AND HERE THEY COME! THE MIST EMBRACES THEM IN ITS RIGID GRIP! BUT, IT WILL ALSO CUSHION THEIR LANDING, PREVENTING ANY DAMAGE OR INJURIES FROM TAKING PLACE!


THEY ARE DOWN! SAFE AND UNHURT, AS I PLANNED! TRULY A PRIZED CATCH! AHH! THAT ONE ALIGHTING AT THIS MOMENT IS A FEMALE OF THE SPECIES! WE SHALL BEGIN OUR STUDIES WITH HER! DESPATCH A ROBOTRON AT ONCE!
AS YOU COMMAND, GREAT ONE!

MEANWHILE, AS THE DAZED PASSENGERS AND CREW GATHER OUTSIDE THE PLANE...
IT'S A MIRACLE WE DIDN'T CRASH! SOMEHOW, THIS SOAPY STUFF FORCED US DOWN WITHOUT SO MUCH AS A BUMP! BUT HOW??
NEVER MIND THAT! LOOK WHAT'S COMING!
CLINK-CLANK!

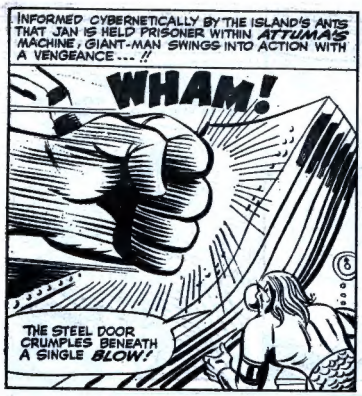

I AM A ROBOTRON, A CREATION OF THE MIGHTY ATTUMA! I BID YOU ALL WELCOME, AND BRING WORDS OF ASSURANCE! BE NOT ALARMED BY THE STRANGE MANNER IN WHICH YOU ARRIVED! OBEY THE COMMANDS AS GIVEN, AND NO HARM SHALL COME TO YOU!
OBEY WHOM? WHAT??
CLINK
CLANK!

THE FEMALE ONE SHALL COME ABOARD FIRST! ALL OTHERS STAND ASIDE!
IT...IT MEANS ME!


AS THE ANNOUNCEMENT CAUSES FEAR AND CONFUSION TO SWEEP THROUGH THE GROUP, THE HUGE AIRCRAFT IS SUDDENLY DRAWN BY THE ROBOTRON'S MAGNETIC DISCS! SIMULTANEOUSLY, A METAL RAMP SLIDES FORWARD...
THEY'RE TAKING THE PLANE! OUR LAST HOPE! NOW WE'LL NEVER GET OFF THIS ISLAND!
I REPEAT THE ORDER! THE FEMALE ONE I HAVE CHOSEN WILL MOUNT THE RAMP FIRST! ALL OTHERS STAND ASIDE!

BUT, WHEN THE PLANE'S PILOT INTERCEDES IN JAN'S BEHALF...
HALT! I HAVE GIVEN A FINAL WARNING! THE FEMALE WILL COME ABOARD ALONE!
WE'D BETTER DO AS HE SAYS, CAPTAIN! HIS TONE SOUNDS NASTY! I THINK HE'LL USE FORCE IF HE DOESN'T HAVE HIS WAY!
ALL THE SAME, MISS, AS CAPTAIN I HAVE A RESPONSIBILITY TOWARD THE SAFETY OF ALL PASSENGERS ABOARD MY AIRCRAFT!
NOW, LOOK HERE! NO ONE WILL BOARD THIS VEHICLE UNTIL I'VE SPOKEN WITH WHOEVER IS IN CHARGE!
SO YOU REMAIN DEFIANT!
EASY, SKIPPER! THAT GADGET HE'S LUGGING LOOKS UGLY!
SUDDENLY, TWIN BOLTS OF DAZZLING LIGHT STAB FORWARD, ENVELOPING THE ADVANCING PAIR...
I CAN'T MOVE!
NEITHER CAN I! IT'S SOME KIND OF PARALYZING RAY!
SPOTTING A NEARBY ANT-HILL, A SUDDEN THOUGHT FLASHES THROUGH JAN'S MIND! HOPEFULLY, SHE SCANS THE SCATTERED CONTENTS OF HER PURSE...
I'M REALLY IN THE SOUP! I KNOW I DIDN'T BRING ANY OF MY WASP EQUIPMENT, AND I DON'T EVEN HAVE A SINGLE REDUCING CAPSULE! WAIT! THESE LOOK LIKE THE CRUMBS FROM A BROKEN CAPSULE! IT'S ALMOST NOTHING, AND YET IT MAY BE ENOUGH TO HELP IF I SWALLOW THEM QUICKLY!
BUT, THOUGH THE FEW LEFTOVER CRUMBS ARE NOT SUFFICIENT TO REDUCE JAN'S SIZE, THEY DO GIVE HER ONE ADVANTAGE...
I SEEM ABLE TO GET OFF A WEAK CYBERNETIC MESSAGE! IF I CAN ONLY GET THROUGH TO THEM...
SUDDENLY... THERE GOES ONE OF THE WINGED-ANTS NOW! I PRAY IT GOT MY MESSAGE! THE POTENCY OF THOSE FEW CRUMBS HAS JUST ABOUT WORN OFF!
NO SOONER HAS THE FATEFUL FLYING ANT DISAPPEARED, THAN...
YOU HAVE NOW SEEN THE POWER OF OUR WEAPONS! DO YOU COME ABOARD, OR DO YOU CHOOSE TO RESIST?
LEAD! I WILL FOLLOW!
THANK HEAVENS! HE DIDN'T NOTICE THE ANT!

THE HOURS PASS, AND AS GIANT-MAN RECOVERS FROM HIS GRUELING ELECTRICAL BARRAGE, A BUZZING SOUND BRINGS HIM TO A QUICK ALERT...
A FLYING ANT!! BRINGING A CYBERNETIC MESSAGE FROM JAN! SHE'S ALIVE! BUT IN GRAVE DANGER!
I HAVEN'T A SECOND TO SPARE! THIS CALLS FOR A QUICK CHANGE...
...TO ANT SIZE AND MY WAITING CONVERTI-CAR!
A SPLIT-SECOND LATER, AS THE MESSENGER-ANT CYBERNETICALLY GUIDES HIS HUMAN MASTER....
WE'RE PASSING OVER THE HARBOUR AND MOVING OUT TO SEA! THE WHOLE THING IS VERY CONFUSING BUT THE ANTS HAVE NEVER GIVEN ME A CYBERNETIC FALSE ALARM BEFORE!
FINALLY, WHEN THE TINY CRAFT APPROACHES THE ISLAND...
I'M RECEIVING A STRONG, URGENT, CYBERNETIC MESSAGE FROM BELOW! JAN IS DOWN THERE! BUT WHAT'S THAT? SOME KIND OF HUGE MACHINE WITH STRANGE GUARDS POSTED ALL AROUND! JUDGING BY JAN'S ALARM, THEY MUST BE HOSTILE!
THIS CALLS FOR A QUICK LANDING AND SOME KIND OF SHOCK TACTIC!
TOUCHING DOWN UNSEEN, THE MAN OF MANY SIZES BECOMES 50-FEET HIGH, CONTENT TO SACRIFICE MAXIMUM STRENGTH FOR MAXIMUM SURPRISE ...
BY NEPTUNE! WHAT MONSTROUS THING IS THIS?
HE IS AS LARGE AS ANY CREATURE FROM THE OCEAN'S DEPTHS!
EVEN THOUGH I'M NOT NOW AS STRONG AS AT MY 12-FOOT HEIGHT, I'M ... STRONG ENOUGH TO HANDLE THESE TWO!
I'LL PUT YOU TWO OUT OF THE WAY, WHILE I TRY TO LEARN WHAT A GROUP OF BLUE-SKINNED STRANGERS ARE DOING ON AN ISLE THAT WASN'T HERE A FEW DAYS AGO!
THEN, AS GIANT MAN STRIDES FORWARD, FOLLOWING THE CYBERNETIC BEAM, ATTUMA'S SHOCKED GUARDS SCATTER BEFORE THE HERCULEAN FORM LIKE LEAVES BEFORE A GALE ...
A WALKING COLOSSUS! FLEE!
NOTHING LIKE A FIFTY-FOOT HEIGHT TO MAKE A FELLA FEEL IMPORTANT!


INFORMED CYBERNETICALLY BY THE ISLAND'S ANTS THAT JAN IS HELD PRISONER WITHIN ATTUMA'S MACHINE, GIANT-MAN SWINGS INTO ACTION WITH A VENGEANCE... !!
WHAM!
THE STEEL DOOR CRUMPLES BENEATH A SINGLE BLOW!

AND THEN, AT LAST, THE TWO PARTNERS-IN-PERIL MEET!!!
JAN!! THANK HEAVENS YOU'RE SAFE!! QUICK!! GET INTO YOUR FIGHTING GEAR!
SHE'S NOT MOVING! SOMETHING'S WRONG!
JAN!! DARLING!! WHAT IS IT??
I'M TRAPPED WITHIN THIS PARALYZING BEAM, HANK! I CAN'T MOVE! CAN BARELY SPEAK!

NO BLUE-SKINNED REFUGEES FROM A MONSTER MOVIE ARE GONNA TREAT MY GAL THAT WAY! HOLD ON, HONEY... A COUPLE OF KARATE CHOPS OUGHT TO FIX THINGS!
CRASH!
WHAM!

THEN, AS ATTUMA'S TROOPS SWIM TO ATTACK...
HOLD! THIS FANTASTIC CREATURE INTERESTS ME! NEVER IN OUR OWN WORLD WITHIN THE WATERY DEPTHS HAVE I SEEN SUCH A COLOSSUS! I WILL PROPOSE A BARGAIN!

JOIN ME, TITANIC ONE, IN THE CONQUEST OF YOUR SURFACE WORLD, AND I WILL MAKE YOU A WAR LORD OF MY REALM!
YOU'VE GOT THE WRONG BOY! I DON'T MAKE DEALS WITH PETTY TYRANTS!

AND AS FOR YOU AND YOUR FISHY CROWD, YOU'LL SOON BE HEADING BACK TO YOUR WATERY WORLD BELOW... AND BE GLAD OF IT!
EMPTY WORDS! YOU CAN'T MAKE GOOD YOUR BOAST!
HE COULD BE RIGHT! I'VE BEEN AT THIS 50-FOOT HEIGHT TOO LONG! I'M ALREADY STARTING TO FEEL RUBBERY IN THE KNEES!
THE TOWERING CREATURE'S BACK IS TURNED! IT PROVIDES A GOOD MOMENT TO APPROACH... SHOULD ATTUMA NEED HELP!

AND A MOMENT LATER, IN ALL OF ITS AWESOME INCREDULITY, THE SPECTACULAR TRANSFORMATION FROM GIANT-MAN TO ANT-MAN BEGINS...

I'VE GOT TO USE EVERY SHOCK TACTIC I CAN TO KEEP THEM GUESSING AND OFF-BALANCE! SO, DOWN I GO!

THE CREATURE SHRINKS! ...DEFIES ALL RULES THAT GOVERN LIFE AS WE KNOW IT! HOW DOES ONE WAGE BATTLE AGAINST SUCH POWER?

IT'S SOME KIND OF ILLUSION... A MIRAGE! BUT IF IT BREATHES, SPEAKS, THEN IT CAN BE DESTROYED! UNLEASH ALL WEAPONS!

GUARDS! TO THE ATTACK! WASTE NOT A SECOND! THE CREATURE VANISHES BEFORE OUR EYES!

HOW, ATTUMA? INSTRUCT US!

BETTER TELL THEM, QUICK, ATTUMA! I WON'T BE AROUND LONG!

STRIKE FOR ATTU... OHHH!

THAT'S THE WAY BOYS! BACK! GIVE THE MAN ALL THE ROOM HE NEEDS!

HE'S GONE! DISAPPEARED! BUT IT'S ALL A LIE, A TRICK OF SORTS... AN ATTEMPT TO TWIST OUR SANITY, GIVE US CAUSE FOR PANIC!

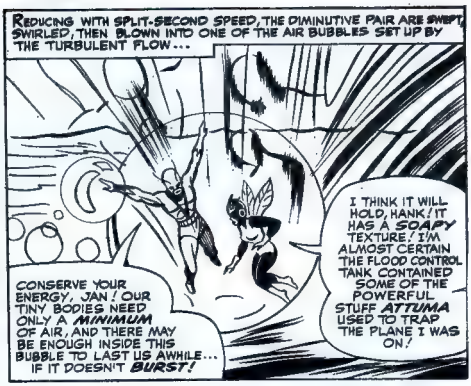
SUDDENLY, AN ANGRY BUZZING SOUND FILLS THE AIR AS THE WASP SPARKS A DIVERTING ACTION TO INSURE HER PARTNER'S SAFETY...
IT IS THE SAME FEMALE WE HELD PRISONER, ATTUMA! ONLY SHE HAS BECOME SMALLER... AND FLIES!
NO MATTER! BRING HER DOWN! FIRE!
I'M HIT... SOME KIND OF PARALYZING RAY!
I'M FALLING! CAN'T FLY! H...HELP, HANK!

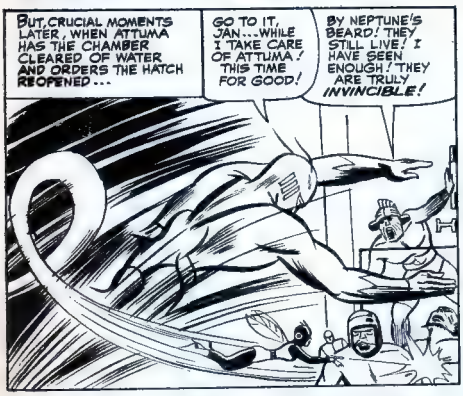
UPON RECEIVING THE WASP'S CYBERNETIC MESSAGE, GIANT-MAN AGAIN USES HIS ENLARGING POWER WITH IMPRESSIVE SKILL.
WE ARE NO MATCH FOR HIM! ALL IS LOST!
HE VANISHES AND RE-APPEARS AT WILL! WE ARE PITTED AGAINST A DEMON! WE ARE DOOMED!
GOT YOU, LITTLE ONE!
THANKS, BLUE EYES! JUST LOOKING AT YOU MAKES ME FEEL MUCH BETTER ALREADY!
ATTUMA BEATEN BY ONE PAIR OF SURFACE CREATURES? NEVER!! ALL IS NOT LOST! I HAVE A PLAN! EVERYONE CLEAR THIS CHAMBER!

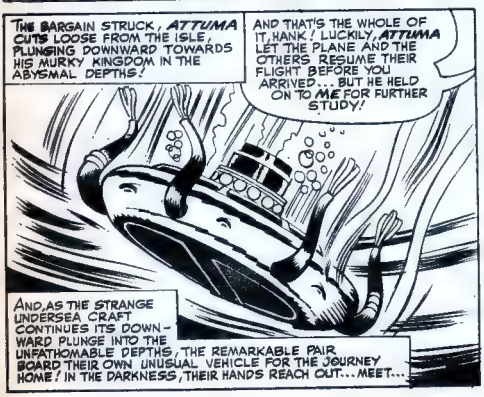
HURRY! HE IS STILL TOO BIG TO FOLLOW US THROUGH THE DOOR! WE SHALL DESTROY HIM YET!

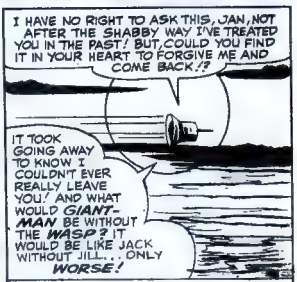
AND, AS THE MASSIVE DOOR CLANGS SHUT BEHIND ATTUMA...
GOOD! BIG OR SMALL, THEY ARE SEALED WITHIN... AS SECURELY AS IN A TOMB!

AND NOW... VENGEANCE! IN A FEW MINUTES THE CHAMBER WILL BE FLOODED THROUGHOUT! THERE CAN BE NO ESCAPE! NO MATTER WHAT HIS SIZE... HE CANNOT BREATHE WATER, AS WE CAN!
EMERGENCY FLOOD CONTROL TANK
WATCH A









AND NOW HERE'S AN ANNOUNCEMENT FOR ALL YOU GIANT MAN FANS — IN ANSWER TO LITERALLY **HUNDREDS** OF REQUESTS WE PRESENT A **GIANT MAN SPECIAL BONUS FEATURE** ON PAGE 34 OF THIS VERY ISH!

TERRIFIC NEWS!

SEND YOUR LETTERS TO:— *TERRIFIC* 64, LONG ACRE LONDON, W.C.2

Dear Alf and Bart,
This incident happened just a minute ago, you see I was in my room and my brother came in asking for the tape recorder and I wouldn't let him have it (this was the second time he had tried this morning). We struggled over it and in the end he couldn't get it.

Then, resorting to *blackmail*, he picked up my Terrific, and said he would tear it in half! I still refused to give in to him, and he was just about to tear it when he noticed the cover. He read the piece about Giant Man trapped by the Porcupine, then he actually turned over and had a sneak at the first page. Then, he started *reading* ! ! He turned the next page and carried on, getting more interested all the time ! It was hilarious. It wasn't until he had finished that we carried on the argument. Just as we had started again I got the idea about this letter so I pushed the tape recorder into his hands and ran downstairs and started to type it. More proof that *no-one*—not even daft big brothers can resist a power comic !

Power comics have reached great standards in the past year : bringing out 3 new comics in four months was quite a shock ! Please put into your comics : Captain America, Ghost Rider (Marvel's newest western hero) and bring back S.H.I.E.L.D.

The Fantastic annual is great, and I urge other fans to get it ! I'd like to clear up a matter ; You said Iron Man had fought Dr. Strange of the Mystic Arts, but it was a different Dr. Strange who Iron Man fought, as shown in the Fantastic annual. Must sign off now, I'm running out of space, hope you print this, your loyal fan,
Lawrence Rose,
Wembley,
Middlesex.

Thanks for the plaudits, L.R. Your letter has given us this great idea for a* Big Brother competition ! *Just mail us your BB (don't forget the stamps) nicely decked out in ribbons, and a power packed prize of an autographed copy of an old Terrific will go to the winning entry. The Big Brothers will be judged on the following points: 1. Malevolence. 2. Ignorance. 3. Cunning. 4. Frenzy. So out with your stamps and the nerve gas !

Alf and Bart.

Dear Alf and Bart,
This is from a fan of the Watcher. How *did* you *do* it ? ? ? Those master pieces, I mean, *Tales of the Watcher*, they were great Fab, Terrific etc. . . . But that's not what I want to tell you really because my brother who is 16 and all his friends read my comics and if he wants me to do something for him, when I've done it he says, "Away my minion " or something like that. Well at least he reads Power comics and not Brand ECCH !
Nuff Said,
Gerard Connor,
Liverpool.

Another candidate for the treatment, G.C. Reckon he stands a better than average chance in the B.B. comp!

Alf and Bart.

Dear Gruesome Twosome,
Please could you tell me how ol' Bow Slinger (namely HAWKEYE) manages to get the right arrow for the right job without looking into his quiver to find it ?
J. Ellen,
East Molesey,
Surrey.

Not only does Hawkeye have his arrows packed in order but he can tell one arrow from another by the feel of the haft—that's the end with the feathers—which he has specially notched for identification.

Alf and Bart.

Dear Alf and Bart,
I'm a kid who's read quite a few comic books in my time, but I've never had the urge to write a letter to one, always feeling that it will make a one-way trip to the litter basket. I get Fantastic and Terrific weekly and I think you should have a pin-up of the Dynamic Duo, namely Batman and Robin. I love Marvel's great western, Kid Colt, and I'm wondering whether he'll be featured in any of the Power papers. How are the letters picked? Does Merry Margaret read them all and pick the best ? Does Alf throw them all away and pick the one that goes farthest ? Or does Bart go: "Eeny-meeny-miney-mo," ? I think the Wasp is the funniest thing since Alf said he would wash his feet once a year. One last question how fast can Quicksilver go ? Please, please don't answer this letter with wisecracks.
Keep up the good work,
R. F. O. Mike Teague,
Motherwell,
Lanarkshire,
Scotland.

We'll repeat what we said in answer to D. Toller's screed in ish 35, M.T. If you guys want westerns then we will have Kid Colt and co in the pages of Power ! Mike you know how we select your letters ! That's it ! we read them all ! ! And a mighty heartwarming task it is too ! Even if it does take all day and half of the night !

You can't pin a guy like the lightning fast Quicksilver down to cold figures—well we can't any way ! -

Wisecrackers Alf and Bart.

Dear Alf and Bart,
I need your help quickly ; please send me Dr. Strange, the Avengers, Giant Man, Wasp, Thor and Iron Man ! The reason for this strange request is to have more Super-Heroes to guard my Terrifics. Denny, my rotten 17 year old sister, is trying to use my Power Mags to light a bonfire ! Give Thor my pound or T-shirt.
PS. I think Terrific is the best comic out.
P.PS. Down with Brand X.
Philip (Desperate) Rowe,
Derby.

Keep looking out of the window. They're on their way, P(D)R.

Alf and Bart.

Dear Alf and Bart,
I was just lying peacefully in bed reading Terrific news ish 28. When suddenly I came across the letter written by Jem James. And I discovered (GRRRRR) that he'd actually insulted Captain America (GRRRR). He actually suggested a gag for Cap! (GRRRRRRR). Boy if I new his exact address (and fighting ability) I'd go and zonk him into next week !
Your ever loving Captain America fan,
Nigel Gosden,
South Sea,
Hants.

But Jem James would be better off in the middle of next week, N.G. He'd be right there reading about Cap's latest adventure in Terrific 41 !

Alf and Bart.

LOOK GOOD—in an AVENGER T-shirt!

Dr. STRANGE, MASTER OF THE MYSTIC ARTS!
"CONQUEST OF KALUU"
PART TWO
HAVING WRESTED THE BOOK OF THE VISHANTI FROM THE TIMELESS VOID WHITHER KALUU HAD BANISHED IT, THE ANCIENT ONE AND HIS DISCIPLE RETURN TO THE WORLD WHERE NOW DR. STRANGE CONFRONTS KALUU!!
Reg. T.M. & © Marvel Comics Group.1965

. . . EVEN AS HIS DEMONIAC ADVERSARY CASTS HIS MIGHTIEST SPELL, THE MASTER OF THE MYSTIC ARTS SHIELDS HIMSELF WITH THE SACRED TOME HE HAS RETRIEVED FROM THE SHADES OF TIME...
MAY THE OMNIPOTENT OSHTUR PROTECT ME, IF WHAT THE ANCIENT ONE TOLD ME OF THIS VOLUME WAS IN ERROR!
FOR, EVEN THOUGH IT HAS NOT YET STRUCK, I CAN FEEL THE SENSES-STAGGERING FORCE OF HIS EVIL SORCERY!
NOW, BY THE POWER OF AMTOR THE UNSPEAKABLE --WHOSE TRUE NAME IS KNOWN ONLY IN THE PLACE WHICH IS NOT A PLACE-- I COMMAND THAT YOU BE FROZEN IN A STATE OF SUSPENDED ANIMATION --FOREVER!!
BUT, A MERE HEARTBEAT LATER, AS THE TWIN BOLTS OF TITANIC POWER STRIKE THE ORNATE COVER OF THE ENCHANTED BOOK...
-AAARRRHH!- MY OWN SPELL--IS BEING HURLED BACK AT ME! AND--I HAVE NO PROTECTION AGAINST IT!
IT IS AS MY MENTOR PREDICTED! THE FINAL, THE ULTIMATE DEFENCE-- IS THE BOOK OF THE VISHANTI ITSELF!
THE FATE WHICH KALUU PLANNED FOR ME--IS NOW HIS OWN!

THUS ENDS KALUU'S ILL-STARRED QUEST FOR *VENGEANCE*--VENGEANCE AGAINST ONE WHO HALTED HIS MAD QUEST FOR CONQUEST *FIVE CENTURIES AGO!*

NOW, HE IS *HELPLESS*--ENSNARED BY A SPELL WHICH NO MAN LIVING CAN *DISPEL!* HE IS COMPLETELY AT MY *MERCY!*

AND YET, IT IS NOT FOR *ME* TO SAY WHAT IS TO BE DONE WITH HIS TRANSFIXED, UNMOVING FORM...

FOR, THE *ANCIENT ONE* IS HE WHO *FIRST* OPPOSED KALUU*... AND TO *HIM* MUST BELONG THE FRUITS OF MY *VICTORY!*

MAY THE *SHADES OF THE SERAPHIM* CARRY MY THOUGHTS TO MY ALL-SEEING MASTER THAT *HE* MAY PRONOUNCE THE FINAL SENTENCE UPON KALUU!

*YOU READ ALL ABOUT IT IN *TERRIFIC 36*, ALF.

ALMOST INSTANTANEOUSLY, IN A SOMBRE SANCTUARY IN THE HEART OF THE TIBETAN *HIMALAYAS*, THE SORCERER'S CALL IS *ANSWERED*...

YOU HAVE DONE *WELL*, MY SON! TRULY, MY LONG HOURS OF TEACHING HAVE NOT BEEN IN *VAIN!*

YOU HAVE SAVED BOTH *OURSELVES*... AND THE *WORLD*... FROM THE TENTACLES OF ONE MAN'S *INSATIABLE AMBITION!*

NOW... TO DEAL WITH *KALUU!*

AND, THE NEXT SECOND, A BEAM OF *TRANSCENDENT LIGHT* CIRCLES THE GLOBE... PASSING THROUGH THE GLITTERING STAR-FILLED HEAVENS OVER VAST SEAS AND ROLLING CONTINENTS IN THE SPACE OF A SINGLE *HEARTBEAT*...

AND WITH THE CONQUEST OF KALLUU WE COME TO A CLIMAX IN THE CAREER OF DR. STRANGE. FOR ENDLESS WEEKS THE MAGICIAN HAS BATTLED A CEASELESS BARRAGE OF EVIL. EVEN NOW HE STANDS POISED TO MEET WHATEVER HIS DESTINY DECREES —BUT THE NEVER ENDING STRIFE HAS INEVITABLY TAKEN ITS TOLL ON HIS HEALTH. THUS WHILE HE WAITS HE MUST ALSO REST— SO NEXT WEEK WE JOIN THE SORCERER IN THE CALM OF HIS OWN STUDY. WHERE, IN A RELAXED AND ENTERTAINING MOOD, HE TELLS A TALE—A TALE SO EERIE, SO SPELL BINDING THAT IT COULD ONLY COME FROM THE LIPS OF DR. STRANGE!

news from the floor of 64

64, LONG ACRE, LONDON, W.C.2.

WHAMMMM! . . . Ker-POWWWWWW! When we set out to make A HIT! . . . we make it a KNOCKOUT! And when it comes to giving BIRTHDAY GIFTS we're in there swinging with the best! Not making sense, you say? Don't get the connection? Then, O Brothers of Power, *hear this*: THIS WEEK our wonderful, wonderful POW is *one-year-old*! In twelve months our baby has grown up from a live-wire bantam, pounded its punchy path through all-comers, and finished up with an on-points win to take the BIG BOYS' crown! So what do we do? What do we give POW on this great anniversary? What's the prize for our bouncy champ? Well, hold on to your ringside seats and we'll tell you! We're pouring into POW a feast of the finest features from WHAM! In other words, we figure POW is *too good* to stay solo, so by merging in wild, wild WHAM we're going to turn them BOTH into the greatest DOUBLE-ACT in the comics entertainment biz! From now on POW will also include *the best of WHAM*! Pages of WHAM'S fabled, fabulous funnies PLUS that super-hero quartet THE FANTASTIC FOUR . . . all appear in POW *next week*! And we're not forgetting all you loyal POW fans who have cheered our baby all the way up to the top of the heap! We're giving YOU a really FUN-GUARANTEED *free* FLYING SAUCER MODEL! Specially designed and arted by our air-minded Art Ed JOLLY J. J. JACKSON! Plus MORE pages for you in next week's double-act POW! NEW adventure stories. Lots of new nuttier-than-ever laugh features!

Can we do *more* to celebrate this POW-style happy happening? Well, okay . . . maybe we COULD give the new POW away free!! But we're not doing that . . because we want to stay in the publishing business . and we kind of like to think *you* want us to do so, too! Sheeeeshhh! But it's been an exciting time for us all up here in the garret (and so it will be for you, *next week*!) . . . so much so that most of us have even forgotten what we had for Christmas! ('member we said we'd tell you what we found in our stockings this 25th). We can't think of anything except "WHAM into POW" . . . "Next week's POW's the NEW Pow!" . . . "Free gifts" "Next week! . . . next week!" . . . heck, that's all you hear up in the garret these days! It could become BORING! . . . if it wasn't so great, *great*, GREAT!!

MEET TWENTY PROUD POWER-PACK PEOPLE

John Vale, Burnham-on-Crouch, Essex; Brian Gooch, Lowestoft, Suffolk; Theresa Kelly, Nantwich, Cheshire; Billy Clifford, Small Heath, Birmingham 10; Neil Flynn, Twickenham, Middlesex; Alan Wright, Kettering, Northants; Margaret Jarvis, Rochford, Essex; Brian Rooney, Middlesbrough; Candice Miller, Tunbridge Wells, Kent; Ian Rogers, Stockport, Cheshire; Philip Allman, London, N.4; Ronald Mallett, Sheffield; Donna Brown, Hendon, London, N.W.4; John Roland, Uxbridge, Middlesex; Glen Dower, Old Harlow, Essex; Keith Nicolson, Waharoa, New Zealand; Peter Greenhalgh, Rossendale, Lancs; David Pitman, Clapham; Stuart Scott, Newcastle-upon-Tyne; Sara Hill, Winchmore Hill, London, N.21.

DON STARR HAS AN...
APPOINTMENT WITH MR. BIG
AMERICAN HOODLUMS IN A LITTLE ITALIAN TOWN AND DON STARR ON HOLIDAY THERE! WHEN THE TWO CLASH HEAD ON... NEED WE SAY MORE!?
YOU WOULDN'T LOOK VERY PRETTY WITH A HOLE BETWEEN YOUR EYES! PUT MY BOYS DOWN — AND START TALKING!

ANYTHING YOU SAY! NOTHING I LIKE BETTER THAN A GOOD CHAT... TAKE THEM!

BUT ONE THING I DON'T LIKE IS BEING TREATED LIKE A YO-YO BY BUMS LIKE THESE! NOW YOU START TALKING!

AND THE FIRST THING IS... WHY DID THESE TWO HOODS TRY TO KILL ME?
THAT WAS A MISTAKE! WE GOT A MESSAGE THAT YOU WERE JOHNNY SCARR, AN OLD ENEMY OF MINE WHO HAD SWORN TO KILL ME!

QUESTION NUMBER TWO WHO ARE YOU AND WHAT ARE YOU DOING HERE?
MY NAME IS LUIGI BIGANDI! THEY CALL ME MR. BIG! RIGHT NOW I RUN THIS TOWN — BUT BEFORE LONG I'M MOVING INTO BIGGER TERRITORY!

BIGANDI! THAT WAS THE NAME OF A BIG-TIME OPERATOR IN NEW YORK BACK IN THE THIRTIES! BUT THAT CAN'T BE YOU— BIGANDI WOULD BE AT LEAST 75 BY NOW!
THAT WAS ME, KIDDO— THAT IS ME—AND I'M MOVING INTO THE BIG TIME AGAIN!

THE FLICKER IN MR. BIG'S EYES GIVES DON A WARNING...
THOSE TRICKS MAY HAVE WORKED IN THE THIRTIES—BUT NOT SINCE WE ALL STUDIED OUR JAMES BOND!

ALTHOUGH THE OLD-FASHIONED RIGHT-HANDER STILL WORKS WONDERS—DON'T YOU AGREE?
UUUGH!
BUGSY, YOU'RE NOTHING MORE THAN A CREAM PUFF!

I DON'T KNOW WHO YOU ARE, STRANGER—BUT I LIKE YOUR STYLE! I COULD USE A GUY LIKE YOU IN MY OUTFIT! WHAT D'YOU SAY TO JOINING ME?
I DON'T KNOW WHAT'S GOING ON, BUT THIS IS MY CHANCE TO FIND OUT. IN ANY CASE, IF THIS IS LUIGI BIGANDI HE'D HAVE ME WIPED OUT AS SOON AS I LEAVE THIS ROOM!
I'M PREPARED TO CONSIDER IT—IF THE PAY IS RIGHT!

AND SO THAT VERY AFTERNOON...
HE EVEN TALKS LIKE AL CAPONE! BUT HOW COME HE LOOKS LIKE FORTY?!
WE'VE BEEN CASING THIS JOINT FOR WEEKS. THE PAY ROLL OF THE RIOZITA GLASS FACTORY IS DRAWN OUT OF THE BANK EVERY WEEK AT THIS TIME AND THE DOUGH TRANSFERRED TO THAT ARMOURED VAN!
HOW ARE YOU GOING TO KNOCK OFF AN ARMOURED VAN?

LIKE THIS!

MR. BIG CERTAINLY HAS THINGS ORGANISED...
GET THE ENGINE STARTED. I CLOSA THE VAN DOORS!

THE WHOLE OPERATION IS OVER IN LESS THAN A MINUTE...
ALL EES WELL, NINO! DRIVA STRAIGHT TO THE HIDE-OUT! THE POLIZIA WILL BE HERE ANY MEENUTE!

BUGSY IS RIGHT, INSIDE THE BANK...
QUEEKLY, HELP! PRONTO! PRESTO! MY BANK-SHE IS ROBBED!
BUT LUCK IS AGAINS! MR. BIG! HE IS UNAWARE OF THE LOCAL MANOUEVRES BEING HELD THAT DAY...
ARMY TANKS! THEY BLOCK THE WHOLE ROAD — WE CANTA GET PAST! LOOK, THEY POINT THEIR GUNS AT US!
STOP THE VAN! MR. BIG IS FOLLOWING IN HIS CAR. HE WEEL KNOW WHAT TO DO!

MR BIG DOES...

TURN THE CAR AND HIGH TAIL IT OUT OF HERE! I'M NOT STOPPING TO ARGUE WITH TANKS!
BOSS, THEM TANKS WERE WAITING FOR US! THEY MUST HAVE BEEN TIPPED OFF! WE'VE GOTTA STOOL-PIGEON WITH US! AND I KNOW WHO IT EES!

EES YOU, DON STARR! AND THEES EES IS THE WAY WE TREAT STOOL-PIGEONS!
AND THEES IZ WHERE WE SAY ARRIVEDERCHI TILL NEXT WEEK, FRANTEEK VONS!!

THE MIGHTY AVENGERS
MEET KANG
IN PART TWO OF "ONCE AN AVENGER"
AFTER CAP'S DRAMATIC WALK-OUT THE THREE REMAINING AVENGERS ARE CAPTURED BY KANG AND WHISKED TO ANOTHER WORLD, ANOTHER TIME...
Reg. T.M. & © Marvel Comics Group, 1965

THEY BATTLE VALIANTLY, AS DID THE OLD AVENGERS! PERHAPS EVEN MORE SO, CONSIDERING THEY DO NOT POSSESS THE SAME AMOUNT OF SHEER PHYSICAL POWER!
I ALMOST REGRET THAT THEY HAVE... NO CHANCE!

WARRIORS! HEED THE WORDS OF KANG, YOUR LEADER! PURSUE THE FLEEING TRIO NO LONGER! I SHALL DEAL WITH THEM PERSONALLY, AS ONLY I CAN...
BUT, REMAIN ON GUARD, LEST THEY ATTEMPT TO ESCAPE BY RETURNING FROM WHENCE THEY CAME!
WE HEAR AND OBEY, MIGHTY KANG!

NOW, WITH THE FLICK OF A SWITCH, I PLUNGE THE ENTIRE LABYRINTH, WHICH CONTAINS MY VICTIMS, INTO TOTAL DARKNESS!
THUS, FOR AN INSTANT I HAVE DEPRIVED THEM OF THEIR USE OF SIGHT!

WHILE I AM NOT SO SIMILARLY DEPRIVED! ALL I NEED DO IS COMB THE AREA WITH MY SIMPLE SPECTRUM-INVERTER!

IT IS ALMOST TOO EASY! WITH THE VAST ADVANTAGE OF SCIENTIFIC KNOWLEDGE, CENTURIES BEYOND THEIRS, I AM LIKE A GIANT TOYING WITH HELPLESS LILLIPUTIANS!

A GIANT WHO HAS BUT TO PRESS ANOTHER BUTTON, AND THE GAME IS ENDED ONCE MORE!
WHOOSH!

SEEMINGLY OUT OF NOWHERE, STRANGE GLEAMING SHAFTS OF ENERGY FILL THE ENTIRE AREA, COMPLETELY PARALYZING THE NERVOUS SYSTEM OF EACH AVENGER...

I'M POWERLESS TO MOVE... TO ACT... MY ENTIRE BRAIN SEEMS NUMB!

BUT, QUICKSILVER AND HAWKEYE ARE STRONGER! PERHAPS THEY WILL NOT BE SO AFFECTED!

BUT, ALAS... MERE STRENGTH ALONE CANNOT RESIST THE ALL-PERVADING ENERGY RAYS! YET, THERE IS ONE THING THAT CAN...

SPEED! THE DAZZLING, SUPER-HUMAN SPEED OF QUICKSILVER WHO MANAGES TO EVADE THE STRENGTH-SAPPING BEAMS WITH EASE...

TWO OF THEM ARE MINE... BUT THE THIRD HAS MANAGED TO ESCAPE!

HOW SAD! IT IS ONLY A MATTER OF TIME BEFORE HE, TOO, IS HELPLESS BEFORE ME!

BUT, THE FEARLESS, LIGHTNING-SWIFT MUTANT THINKS OTHERWISE, AS HE MAKES ONE OF THE MOST DRAMATIC, MOST DESPERATE DASHES OF HIS ENTIRE CAREER...

I'VE GOT TO KEEP MOVING! ONLY MY SPEED CAN SAVE US NOW!

THEN SUDDENLY, UNEXPECTEDLY, FROM ANOTHER QUARTER, A NEW PLAYER TAKES A HAND IN THE GRIM GAME OF DOOM...

YOU CALL YOURSELF CONQUEROR... I CALL YOU COWARD!

WHAT? WHO DARES?

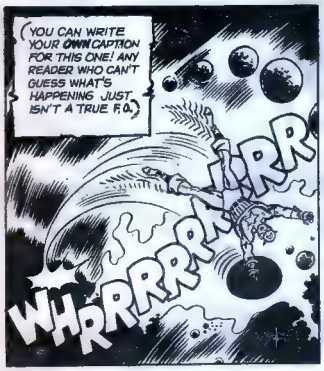
I DARE! YOUR VICTORY IS MEANINGLESS UNLESS YOU DEFEAT CAPTAIN AMERICA, TOO!

HE CARRIES THE AVENGERS' RECREATER*... THE ACCURSED INSTRUMENT WHICH IRON MAN ONCE USED TO PROBE RECENT PAST! BY SHINING IT UPON THEIR BUILDING, HE LEARNED THAT IT WAS KANG WHO ABDUCTED HIS FELLOW AVENGERS!

*WE USED THIS GADGET ISSUES AGO... BUT IF YOU CAN REMEMBER WHEN, YOU'RE BETTER THAN WE ARE! ...BART!

WILL THE CONQUEROR OF VAST GALAXIES LET SUCH A CHALLENGE GO UNHEEDED?
RAVONNA! SO, YOU HAVE SEEN FIT TO GRACE MY COMMAND ROOM WITH YOUR PRESENCE!

THIS IS MY CHANCE TO PROVE, BEYOND ANY DOUBT, THAT I ALONE AM WORTHY OF HER LOVE!
I'LL TRANSPORT HIM THROUGH THE CENTURIES TO DEMONSTRATE THAT NO MAN IS MY MASTER!
KAKK!

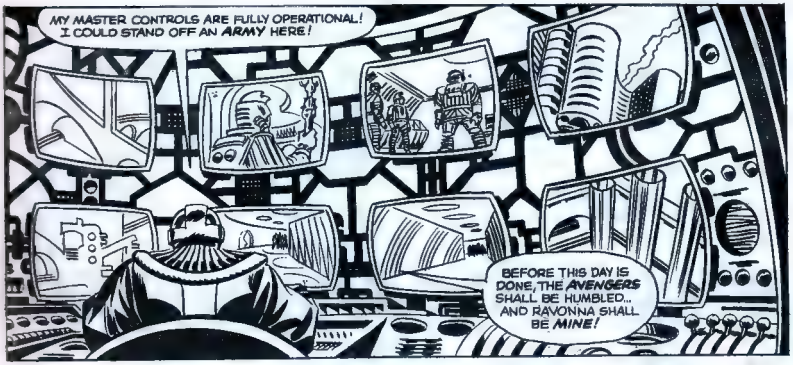

YOU CAN WRITE YOUR OWN CAPTION FOR THIS ONE! ANY READER WHO CAN'T GUESS WHAT'S HAPPENING JUST ISN'T A TRUE F.A.
WHRRRRRRRRR

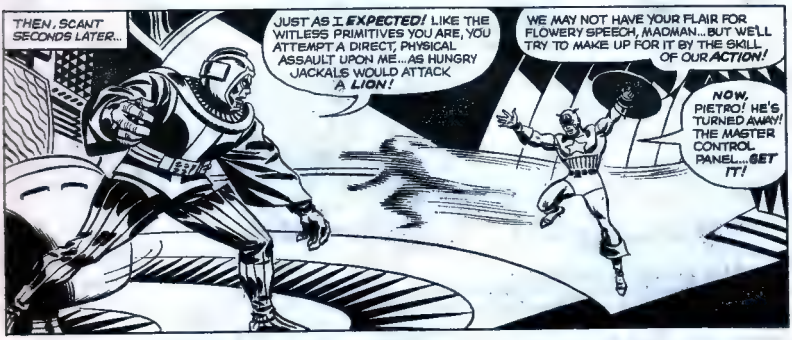
WHY DO YOU TAMPER WITH THE DIRECTION-CONTROL, RAVONNA?
LET ME DETERMINE WHERE THE PRIMITIVE AVENGER SHALL LAND! IT WILL MAKE THE GAME MORE INTERESTING, MY ARROGANT ONE!
YOU THINK TO OUTWIT ME, MY BEAUTY! BUT THE VICTORY SHALL BE MINE, NO MATTER WHAT!

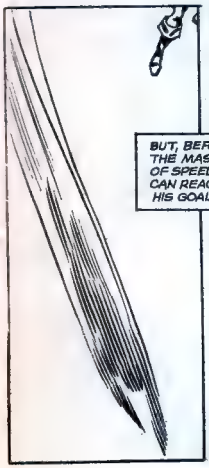
AT THAT VERY INSTANT, THE STILL-RACING QUICKSILVER IS STARTLED TO SEE A FAMILIAR FIGURE APPEAR BEFORE HIM...AS THOUGH MATERIALIZING OUT OF THIN AIR...
IS THIS ANOTHER TRICK? OR...NO... IT CAN'T BE...
IT IS A TRICK, PIETRO... WE'LL PLAY IT ON KANG!

CAP! IT'S YOU! YOU'VE FOUND US! I DON'T KNOW HOW...BUT WE'RE TOGETHER AGAIN!
THIS IS NO TIME FOR A CLASS REUNION, BOY! CLUE ME IN FAST!
IT'LL TAKE MORE THAN A FEW CHORUSES OF "AULD LANG SYNE" TO BEAT KANG AT HIS OWN GAME!

BUT, NO SOONER HAS QUICKSILVER FINISHED BRIEFING THE STAR-SPANGLED AVENGER, THEN A NEW DETAIL OF THE CONQUEROR'S GUARDS APPEARS...
STAND FAST! WE STRIKE IN THE NAME OF KANG!
AND WE STRIKE BACK... IN THE NAME OF THE MIGHTY AVENGERS!
THUNNG!
MOVE, PIETRO! THERE CAN'T BE MORE THAN A DOZEN OF THEM!
WHAK!
INSPIRED ANEW BY THE MAGIC OF CAP'S VALOUR QUICKSILVER SETS THE PACE AS THEY MOW DOWN THEIR HAPLESS FOES IN SECONDS...
AND THEN...
WELL DONE, AVENGER! NOW, AS SOON AS THIS ONE TELLS US WHERE KANG IS HIDDEN, WE STRIKE!
I DID NOT REALIZE...UNTIL NOW...HOW MUCH WE MISSED YOU, CAP!
AND, NOT FAR AWAY...
OUT OF MY SIGHT, ALL OF YOU! KANG HAS NO STOMACH FOR FAILURES!
I AM MORE THAN A MATCH FOR ANY NUMBER OF AVENGERS! I SHALL DO BATTLE ALONE!
BUT, SIRE...
SILENCE! YOUR PUNISHMENT WILL BE SWIFT AND SEVERE! NOW GO!


MY MASTER CONTROLS ARE FULLY OPERATIONAL! I COULD STAND OFF AN ARMY HERE!
BEFORE THIS DAY IS DONE, THE AVENGERS SHALL BE HUMBLED... AND RAVONNA SHALL BE MINE!

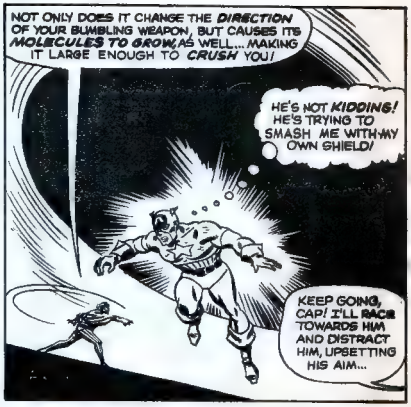

THEN, SCANT SECONDS LATER...
JUST AS I EXPECTED! LIKE THE WITLESS PRIMITIVES YOU ARE, YOU ATTEMPT A DIRECT, PHYSICAL ASSAULT UPON ME... AS HUNGRY JACKALS WOULD ATTACK A LION!
WE MAY NOT HAVE YOUR FLAIR FOR FLOWERY SPEECH, MADMAN... BUT WE'LL TRY TO MAKE UP FOR IT BY THE SKILL OF OUR ACTION!
NOW, PIETRO! HE'S TURNED AWAY! THE MASTER CONTROL PANEL... GET IT!


BUT, BEFORE THE MASTER OF SPEED CAN REACH HIS GOAL...

UHHHHH! HE WAS PREPARED FOR MY CHARGE! HE HAD A HIDDEN FORCE SCREEN ACTIVATED!
WHT!

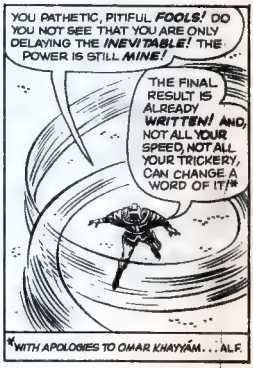
COSTUMED SAVAGES! DID YOU NOT THINK I WOULD BE PREPARED FOR YOUR RIDICULOUS SHIELD AS WELL?

BEFORE IT CAN STRIKE ME, MY PREVIOUSLY-ARRANGED MOLECULE EXPANDER IS ALREADY BEGINNING TO OPERATE...

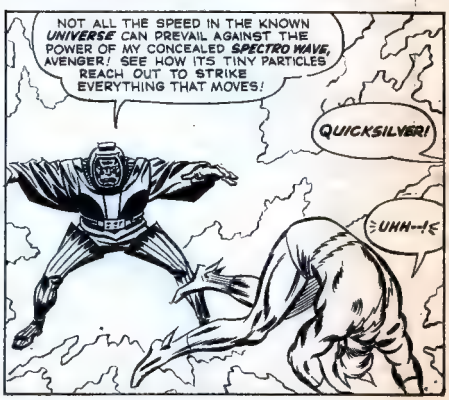

NOT ONLY DOES IT CHANGE THE DIRECTION OF YOUR BUMBLING WEAPON, BUT CAUSES ITS MOLECULES TO GROW, AS WELL... MAKING IT LARGE ENOUGH TO CRUSH YOU!
HE'S NOT KIDDING! HE'S TRYING TO SMASH ME WITH MY OWN SHIELD!
KEEP GOING, CAP! I'LL RACE TOWARDS HIM AND DISTRACT HIM, UPSETTING HIS AIM...

KANG! LOOK OUT!
WHA...?
BLAST IT! I MISSED THE MARK!
YOU DID IT, PIETRO!

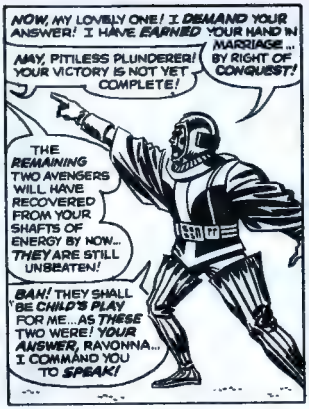
BUT, I'M NOT FINISHED YET, CAP! KANG MUST STILL BE MADE TO REALIZE THAT NOBODY IS IMMUNE FROM AN AVENGERS ATTACK!
UHHH!


YOU PATHETIC, PITIFUL FOOLS! DO YOU NOT SEE THAT YOU ARE ONLY DELAYING THE INEVITABLE! THE POWER IS STILL MINE!
THE FINAL RESULT IS ALREADY WRITTEN! AND, NOT ALL YOUR SPEED, NOT ALL YOUR TRICKERY, CAN CHANGE A WORD OF IT!*
*WITH APOLOGIES TO OMAR KHAYYAM... ALF.

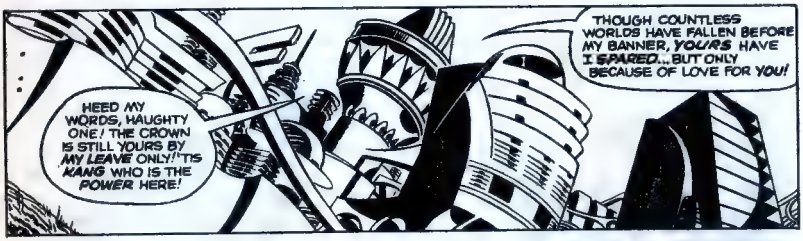
YOUR WORDS ARE IMPRESSIVE, CONQUEROR... YET STILL, THE AVENGERS FIGHT ON!
ON THE BALCONY... RAVONNA, AND THE NOBLES OF HER COURT!
I CAN TARRY NO LONGER! MY VICTORY MUST BE NOW--- SO ALL MAY SEE THAT KANG IS SUPREME!


NOT ALL THE SPEED IN THE KNOWN UNIVERSE CAN PREVAIL AGAINST THE POWER OF MY CONCEALED SPECTRO WAVE, AVENGER! SEE HOW ITS TINY PARTICLES REACH OUT TO STRIKE EVERYTHING THAT MOVES!
QUICKSILVER!
UHH--!

KANG IS TRULY INVINCIBLE, MY CHILD! SEE HOW EASILY HE BESTED THE COURAGEOUS PRIMITIVES!
WHEN NEXT YOU RECOVER CONSCIOUSNESS, IT SHALL BE TO SWEAR ALLEGIANCE TO KANG...OR DIE!
HE IS ARMED WITH WEAPONS THEY CANNOT EVEN CONCEIVE OF! AND YET...HOW BRAVELY THEY FOUGHT!

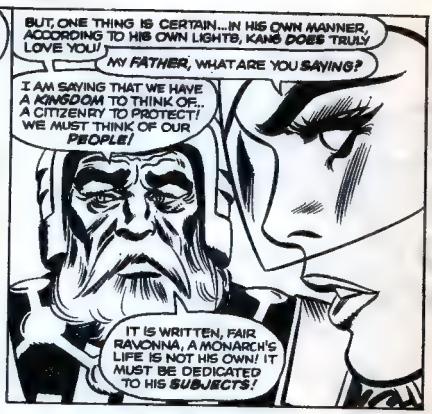

NOW, MY LOVELY ONE! I DEMAND YOUR ANSWER! I HAVE EARNED YOUR HAND IN MARRIAGE... BY RIGHT OF CONQUEST!
NAY, PITILESS PLUNDERER! YOUR VICTORY IS NOT YET COMPLETE!
THE REMAINING TWO AVENGERS WILL HAVE RECOVERED FROM YOUR SHAFTS OF ENERGY BY NOW... THEY ARE STILL UNBEATEN!
BAH! THEY SHALL BE CHILD'S PLAY FOR ME...AS THESE TWO WERE! YOUR ANSWER, RAVONNA... I COMMAND YOU TO SPEAK!

NO ONE COMMANDS A PRINCESS!


HEED MY WORDS, HAUGHTY ONE! THE CROWN IS STILL YOURS BY MY LEAVE ONLY! 'TIS KANG WHO IS THE POWER HERE!
THOUGH COUNTLESS WORLDS HAVE FALLEN BEFORE MY BANNER, YOURS HAVE I SPARED...BUT ONLY BECAUSE OF LOVE FOR YOU!

EVEN NOW, SURROUNDING YOUR DEFENCELESS KINGDOM, MY INVINCIBLE HORDES IMPATIENTLY AWAIT MY SIGNAL!
THE DECISION IS YOURS! SHALL IT BE THE SIGNAL TO LOWER THEIR ARMS? OR...SHALL IT BE THE COMMAND TO STRIKE...TO ERASE YOUR HELPLESS REALM FROM THE FACE OF THE EARTH?

I MIGHT HAVE GIVEN HIM MY HEART...HAD HE WOOED ME WITH TENDERNESS...WITH GALLANTRY! HE MIGHT HAVE BEEN THE PRINCE CHARMING OF MY DREAMS...WERE HE NOT A CONQUEROR!
TENDERNESS AND GALLANTRY ARE NOT FOR SUCH AS KANG, MY CHILD!


BUT, ONE THING IS CERTAIN...IN HIS OWN MANNER, ACCORDING TO HIS OWN LIGHTS, KANG DOES TRULY LOVE YOU!
MY FATHER, WHAT ARE YOU SAYING?
I AM SAYING THAT WE HAVE A KINGDOM TO THINK OF.. A CITIZENRY TO PROTECT! WE MUST THINK OF OUR PEOPLE!
IT IS WRITTEN, FAIR RAVONNA, A MONARCH'S LIFE IS NOT HIS OWN! IT MUST BE DEDICATED TO HIS SUBJECTS!

THEN...TO SAVE OUR PEOPLE...MY ANSWER MUST BE... YES...?
ONLY YOU MAY MAKE THAT DECISION, MY CHILD! AND MAY HEAVEN GIVE YOU THE COURAGE!
THE FALLEN AVENGERS BEGIN TO RECOVER!
SPEAK THEN, RAVONNA! YOUR TIME IS RUNNING OUT!

LET THIS BE HER ANSWER! WE FIGHT TILL THE DEATH!
THE OTHER AVENGERS! THEY DARE CHALLENGE ME ONCE MORE!

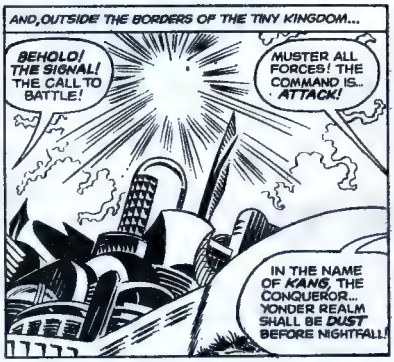
YOU OUGHTTA BRUSH UP ON YOUR FAIRY TALES, MISTER! YOU KNOW WHAT ALWAYS HAPPENS TO THE WICKED VILLAIN WHO TRIES TO MARRY THE OLD KING'S DAUGHTER!
BRAZEN FOOL! YOU SHALL LEARN THAT THIS IS NO FAIRY TALE!

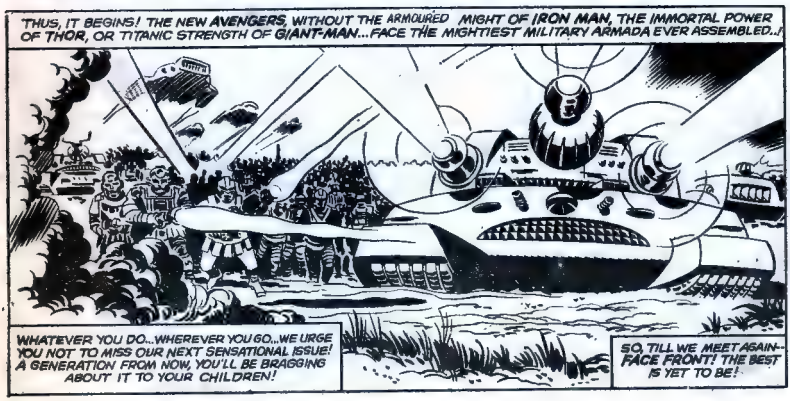
BEFORE THIS DAY IS ENDED, YOU MAY WISH IT WERE ONLY A FABLE!
DESPITE YOUR LIMITLESS WEAPONS...YOUR CONQUERING ARMIES... YOU HAVE LOST THE ADVANTAGE OF SURPRISE! WE ARE PREPARED FOR YOU NOW!
AND BEST OF ALL...THE MIGHTY AVENGERS STAND TOGETHER AGAIN!

THE FATES HAVE BEEN KIND! PERHAPS ALL IS NOT YET LOST!
NOW IT IS KANG WHO MUST MAKE THE DECISION!

THE DIE IS CAST! I SHALL BE MERCIFUL NO LONGER! LET THE FATE THAT BEFALLS BE UPON ALL YOUR HEADS!

I SCOFF AT YOUR ARROW, AVENGER! YOU ARE TOO WEAK TO SLAY ME IN COLD BLOOD!
THUS, WHILE YOU HESITATE, MY SIGNAL DOOMS AN EMPIRE!
THIS IS IT! THE FOUR OF US AGAINST KANG'S INVINCIBLE LEGIONS NOW!


AND, OUTSIDE THE BORDERS OF THE TINY KINGDOM...
BEHOLD! THE SIGNAL! THE CALL TO BATTLE!
MUSTER ALL FORCES! THE COMMAND IS... ATTACK!
IN THE NAME OF KANG, THE CONQUEROR... YONDER REALM SHALL BE DUST BEFORE NIGHTFALL!


THUS, IT BEGINS! THE NEW AVENGERS, WITHOUT THE ARMOURED MIGHT OF IRON MAN, THE IMMORTAL POWER OF THOR, OR TITANIC STRENGTH OF GIANT-MAN... FACE THE MIGHTIEST MILITARY ARMADA EVER ASSEMBLED..!
WHATEVER YOU DO...WHEREVER YOU GO...WE URGE YOU NOT TO MISS OUR NEXT SENSATIONAL ISSUE! A GENERATION FROM NOW, YOU'LL BE BRAGGING ABOUT IT TO YOUR CHILDREN!
SO, TILL WE MEET AGAIN-- FACE FRONT! THE BEST IS YET TO BE!

ODD SPORTS

PADDLE-BARREL

Jose Domingo paddled to victory and a prize worth about £10 in a barrel race held near Lima. The course was across a river with a fairly strong current.

Each of the 20 competitors sat in half a barrel and had to paddle his clumsy craft across the 100-yard width of the river by using a double-bladed canoe paddle.

The great secret of staying the course was to paddle as quickly as possible in order to prevent the barrel spinning round and getting carried away by the current. It took the winner nearly two hours to fight his way across the 100 yards to victory.

The course was marked by floats, and any competitor who reached the opposite bank outside the boundary mark was disqualified. Five competitors met that fate, three capsized, and four were swept by the current back to the bank they had started from.

Puff, Puff, Puff, and away!

Over 30 strong-lunged men entered a balloon blowing race organised at a charity fete in New York.

Each competitor was given a bag of five deflated balloons and these he had to blow up as he ran a course of 200 yards. As he blew up his balloons he had to tie them with a piece of thread and carry them past the winning post.

Any competitor not seen to be blowing up a balloon as he ran was disqualified. The first past the post carrying his blown-up balloons was the winner.

The first prize went to a runner who broke the finishing tape triumphantly carrying four inflated balloons. His fifth balloon he had burst when half way down the course.

When it was discovered that the winner was a trombone player in a local band, an objection was entered on the ground that blowing a trombone gave him unfair advantage. But the objection was over-ruled as the race had been open to anyone who wanted to enter.

SLOW COACHING

Andreas, an eight-inch tortoise, is now the slowest champion to win a race. Andreas gained his title at a tortoise race held recently near Athens.

The course was over a distance of 25 yards and was divided into 15 lanes by strips of wood four inches high. Each tortoise had a number painted on its back, and there was heavy betting on the result.

Training the tortoises to race was a slow and patient business. For months before the race, each "runner" was kept in a special box and fed on a diet of slugs and lettuce leaves.

At intervals during training the tortoises were taken out of their stables and starved for a day. The idea was that to get food the tortoise would always make as quickly as possible for its own stable where it would find something to eat.

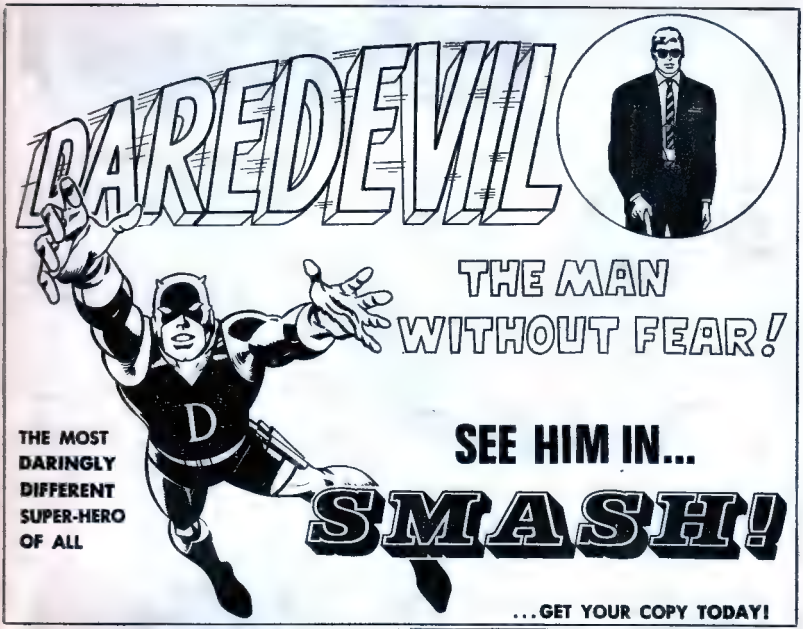
Two days before the race the tortoises were kept out of their stables and put on a strict starvation diet.

On the day of the race, the tortoises' stables were placed in a row at the finishing point, one stable to each lane. Then the tortoises were placed on the starting line, and at the "off" were supposed to get along the course as fast as possible to their respective stables.

Of the fifteen starters only three finished the course, the winner taking six hours to reach its stable.

Most of the others were either not hungry or not interested, for after struggling along for a few feet they just retired into their shells and went to sleep.

Actually, Andreas was an outsider. The favourite, Peponneas, was making good progress when someone threw a lettuce leaf into his lane. After it had eaten it, he, too, disappeared into his shell for a nap!



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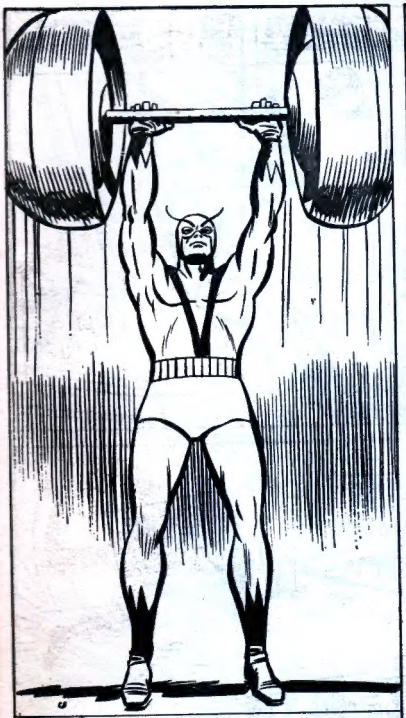
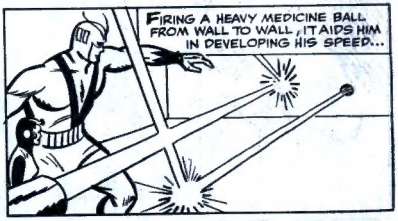
A GIANT-MAN BONUS SPECIAL FEATURE
BECAUSE WE LOVE OUR READERS!
"LET'S LEARN ABOUT HANK and JAN"
Reg. T.M. & © Marvel Comics Group, 1965

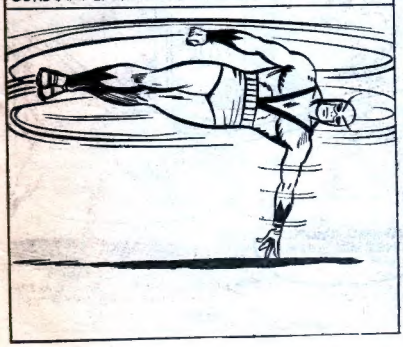
YOU ARE LOOKING AT ONE OF THE MOST ASTONISHING MEN ON EARTH ... THE RENOWNED BIOCHEMIST, HENRY PYM! SOFT-SPOKEN, THOUGHTFUL, HE IS A MAN OF MANY MOODS!
WHEN HE TAKES ON THE IDENTITY OF THE WORLD-FAMOUS GIANT-MAN, THE CYBERNETIC HELMET HE WEARS IS FAR MORE THAN JUST ORNAMENTATION!
BENEATH ITS COLOURFUL EXTERIOR IS AN INGENIOUS CYBERNETIC "NERVE CENTRE..."
BY MERELY USING MENTAL IMPULSES, GIANT-MAN CAN ACTIVATE HIS ANTENNAE ...
...SENDING OUT CYBERNETIC FORCE WAVES WHICH CAN INSTANTLY ALTER THE SIZE OF HIS GORGEOUS PARTNER-IN-PERIL ... THE WASP!
AND HIS OWN SIZE ALSO CAN BE CHANGED IN A SPLIT-SECOND, BY MERELY USING THE NORMALLY UNTAPPED POWER OF HIS BRAIN ...
SO QUICKLY CAN GIANT-MAN SHRINK TO ANT-MAN THAT MANY OF HIS FOES THINK HE HAS BECOME INVISIBLE!
THE ASTONISHING ANT-MAN CAN ALSO GROW FROM ANT-SIZE TO GIANT-SIZE WITH EQUAL SPEED AND EASE ...
...AND ONLY HIS OWN MENTAL CONTROL CAN LIMIT THE EXTENT OF HIS GROWTH...
HE MUST BE CAREFUL NOT TO EXCEED A HEIGHT OF TWELVE FEET, FOR AS HE GROWS BEYOND THAT HEIGHT, HE BECOMES PROPORTIONATELY WEAKER!

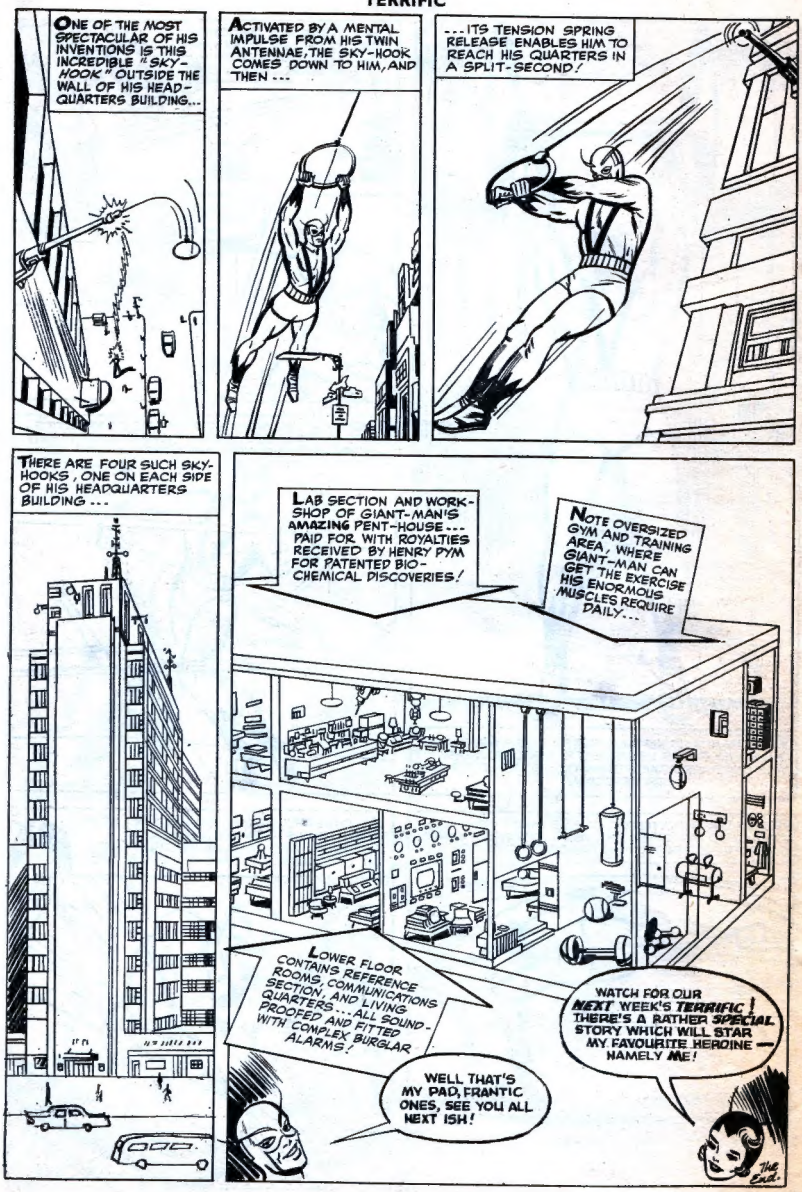
ONE OF GIANT-MAN'S NEWEST AND CLEVEREST GADGETS IS THIS REVOLUTIONARY CLIMBING-AID DEVICE... FOR USE WHILE HE'S ANT-SIZE!
SHOOTING IT UP TO ANY OBJECT, ITS SUCTION PADS ADHERE FIRMLY... AS ANT-MAN HOLDS THE SPOOLED-OUT WIRE BELOW...
THEN, AT THE PRESS OF AN ELECTRONIC BUTTON, THE WIRE RETRACTS, PULLING THE DIMUNITIVE ADVENTURER UP WITH IT!
ANOTHER BRILLIANT AID IS THE "AIR-GUN" WHICH HENRY PYM DESIGNED FOR THE WONDERFUL WASP! WORN ON HER WRIST, IT IS A TRULY UNIQUE WEAPON!
BY MEANS OF A CABLE RELEASE ATTACHED TO HER FINGER, THE WASP FIRES HER "GUN" BY MERELY BENDING HER WRIST!
ONE HIGH-POWERED BLAST EXERTS ENOUGH FORCE TO TOPPLE ALMOST ANY FOE!
ANOTHER OF ANT-MAN'S ASSETS IS HIS ABILITY TO RIDE HIS FLYING ANTS, OR TO BE PULLED BY THEM IN HIS INSECT-SIZED CHARIOT!
HOWEVER, HE NEEDS ALMOST NO WEAPONS OR GADGETS WHEN HE HAS GROWN TO HIS 12-FOOT GIANT-SIZE!
HIS TREMENDOUSLY-INCREASED STRENGTH IS USUALLY ALL HE NEEDS TO HELP HIM OVERCOME ANY FOES OR OBSTACLES!



WHEN HE ATTAINS HIS FULL FIGHTING SIZE, GIANT-MAN CAN EASILY PRESS UPWARDS OF 2,000 POUNDS! WITH SUCH AWESOME STRENGTH, HE HAS LITTLE NEED FOR WEAPONS!






ONE OF THE MOST SPECTACULAR OF HIS INVENTIONS IS THIS INCREDIBLE "SKY-HOOK" OUTSIDE THE WALL OF HIS HEAD-QUARTERS BUILDING...
ACTIVATED BY A MENTAL IMPULSE FROM HIS TWIN ANTENNAE, THE SKY-HOOK COMES DOWN TO HIM, AND THEN ---
---ITS TENSION SPRING RELEASE ENABLES HIM TO REACH HIS QUARTERS IN A SPLIT-SECOND!
THERE ARE FOUR SUCH SKY-HOOKS, ONE ON EACH SIDE OF HIS HEADQUARTERS BUILDING ---
LAB SECTION AND WORK-SHOP OF GIANT-MAN'S AMAZING PENT-HOUSE --- PAID FOR WITH ROYALTIES RECEIVED BY HENRY PYM FOR PATENTED BIO-CHEMICAL DISCOVERIES!
NOTE OVERSIZED GYM AND TRAINING AREA, WHERE GIANT-MAN CAN GET THE EXERCISE HIS ENORMOUS MUSCLES REQUIRE DAILY---
LOWER FLOOR CONTAINS REFERENCE ROOMS, COMMUNICATIONS SECTION, AND LIVING QUARTERS --- ALL SOUND-PROOFED AND FITTED WITH COMPLEX BURGLAR ALARMS!
WELL THAT'S MY PAD, FRANTIC ONES, SEE YOU ALL NEXT ISH!
WATCH FOR OUR NEXT WEEK'S TERRIFIC! THERE'S A RATHER SPECIAL STORY WHICH WILL STAR MY FAVOURITE HEROINE — NAMELY ME!
The End

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